

KELOWNA COURIER

AND OKANAGAN ORCHARDIST.

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NUMBER 33.

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Fruit Growers' Convention. Successful Meeting.

The convention of Okanagan fruit-growers on Thursday last proved a great success. Owing to the unfortunate absence of Mr. Venables, to whom notice of the meeting was sent, representation from Vernon could not be arranged in time, but, in addition to the local delegates from the Kelowna society, delegates were present from other points as follows: Messrs. R. Wood, Armstrong; B. Francis, Penticton; Ohas. H. Cordy, R. H. English, H. C. Mellor, W. J. Robinson, S. Bartholomew and Jas. Ritchie, Summerland; R. J. Hogg, J. L. Vicary and L. D. McCall, Peachland.

On Thursday morning, Mr. E. M. Carruthers drove some of the delegates round the valley, and they were agreeably surprised at the large extent of lands suitable for fruit culture.

The delegates were entertained to luncheon at two o'clock in the Lakeview by the local society. President Stirling welcomed the delegates, and suitable replies were made by Messrs. English, of Summerland, and Vicary, of Peachland.

Formal business of the convention was opened in Raymer's Hall at three o'clock, with a good attendance of members and spectators, about fifty being present. Mr. Stirling occupied the chair and Mr. Carruthers acted as secretary.

The visiting delegates were given the freedom of the city by Mayor Sutherland, who dwelt on the bright prospects before the fruit industry owing to the rapid development of the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan. He wished the meeting much success.

Mr. Jas. Ritchie, on behalf of the visitors, thanked the Mayor for his words of welcome, and expressed his hearty approval of the proposal to hold a convention.

Mr. Stirling then gave a short address. He said it was necessary for the fruit growers to form some central organisation, as there were important matters to be faced and discussed, such as fighting pests, selection of varieties for planting, methods of packing and transportation questions. A united central association could secure much more attention on such matters as a better service on the lake and S. and O. than a number of local associations, and he hoped before they adjourned they would have formed some such body.

Following the address, a committee on resolutions was formed to expedite business, and the subsequent transactions of the meeting may be succinctly stated in the following resolutions:

Moved Hogg, Vicary: That this meeting allow each local Association one vote to each ten members, provided that no Association have less than three votes and not more than eight votes. Carried.

Moved Hogg, Taylor: That voting by proxy be allowed, but that no delegate be allowed to use proxies from other Associations than his own. Carried.

Moved Mellor, Carruthers: That an Okanagan Fruit Growers' Association be formed. Carried.

Moved Francis, Mellor: That all duly organised local Fruit Growers' Associations shall be eligible as members of the Okanagan Association. Carried.

Moved Wood, Carruthers: That the executive consist of one member of each Association. Carried.

Moved Francis, Mellor: That an annual convention of delegates be held. Carried.

Moved Hogg, Carruthers: That each annual convention appoint the place for next meeting. Carried.

Moved Mellor, Hogg: That a committee of three be formed to draft a constitution, said committee to be formed from one local Association, and to report to other Associations for approval. Carried.

Moved Ritchie, Mellor: That Messrs. Stirling, Carruthers and Sutherland be a committee on constitution and by-laws. Carried.

Moved, Hogg, Vicary: That each Association be assessed the same amount towards running the expenses of the Okanagan Association. Carried.

Moved Ritchie, Robinson: That the meeting adjourn until called together by the chairman at a future date to decide on constitution and by-laws, and that the adjourned meeting be held at Kelowna. Carried.

Transportation Questions.

At a recent meeting of the Kelowna Fruit Growers' Association, Mr. W. R. Pooley read an interesting paper on "Transportation." We have only space to publish a brief summary of the chief points stated.

He said the present express rates on vegetables are the same as on fruit, thereby barring squashes, melons, &c. from the export trade.

Another hardship on the western shipper was that rates from east and west meet at Wolsley, Sask., thereby enabling the eastern shipper to place produce in Winnipeg and other large centres at a lower rate than the western shipper could do. It would be fairer to have Winnipeg as the central point.

A feature that might be taken advantage of by local shippers was the system of express car loads, for which the minimum quantity was 8 tons while the rates are about 50 per cent. less than the ordinary rates. The great benefit to the shipper lay in the fact that a special messenger is sent with each car, whose duty it is to deliver separate shipments at various points along the line. By combining, several cars of this sort could have been shipped out last year when over eight tons was shipped at the same time but by different shippers and to a number of consignees.

Mr. Pooley concluded his paper by expounding the great value of light railways, both mono-rail and electric, as a means of assembling produce from the whole valley at one common shipping point, and the indications are that the Okanagan Mission valley will require something of that nature before long.

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PRESCRIPTION DRUGGISTS.

The Murphys' Memorable Shamrock Party

By Polly Evans

PRETTY BERTHA DAMON was very popular in her home town, and even while she was away at Mount Pleasant Seminary, ten miles distant, she kept in close touch with her friends there.

This was very pleasant for both herself and her home friends, but it involved their sending her every single week half a dozen invitations, more or less, some of which she felt she really must accept; at least, the ones for Saturday night, and occasionally for Friday night; and that, of course, meant that every week's end, without fail, Bertha Damon was the first one to ask the principal for permission to "go home over Sunday."

"Now, Bertha," said the principal at last one day, "this will never do. Your parents put you here to study, as I understand. And this thing of going home every week and attending parties is ruinous on your grades as well as your work. Don't ask my permission to go home for a month."

At which a very aggrieved and tearful Bertha departed from the office and sought consolation in the sympathy of her chum. Monday morning's mail brought a letter from Tom Murphy.

"Dear Bertha: We Murphys, if we aren't Irish, ought to be, so Bess and Annie are going to give a Shamrock party next Saturday night. And you'll be sure to come home this week, won't you? I went to the station to meet you last Friday. Why didn't you come? I'll be your escort to the party, if I may. TOM."

Tears gushed in torrents from Bertha's eyes, as she wrote:

"Dear Tom: I can't! Mr. Smith says I mustn't ask for permission for a whole month. I'm broken-hearted. But you'll have a good time, anyhow. I suppose you'll ask Helen McCracken. Yours, a prisoner of despair BERTHA."

Back came this brief answer:

"Dear Bertha: Smith's a wretch. Come anyhow Friday, and it'll turn out all right. I'll be there to meet you. TOM."

Bertha sought out her chum and showed her the note.

"Frances, what would you do, if you were I?"

"What do you want to do?"

"Go—that's what I want to do!

But what do you think?"

"I think Mr. Smith 'll be hopping mad," responded Frances, with little regard for the elegance of phrase recommended by the teacher of English.

"But he's a wretch not to LET me go home."

"Indeed he is."

"Frances, I'm going! Daddy 'll

right, Tom. And what will you do?"

"That's what I want your advice about."

Nobody was ever readier than Bertha with good ideas about costumes, so at the end of a half hour Tom was sent home happy with a complete plan in his possession and nothing to do but to work it out.

The Murphys' Shamrock party

"Bill" Owen's clever make-up as an Irish coachman. Bill was one of the Barnell seniors.

And so the hours slipped by, full of laughing comment and uproarious song and jolly games, till at last Mr. Murphy rapped on the parlor table for silence and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, if as many of you as possible will adjourn to

best comic costumes of the party.

"The next prize, for the best comic make-up," said Mr. Murphy, "was in considerable doubt, but Bridget's deciding vote has thrown it to Daniel."

"Hooray! Fielding's got it!"

"What's the matter with Fielding?"

"She's all right!"

"Where's Barnell?"

"In the soup!"

"Three cheers for Fielding, boys!"

With that the Fielding fellows and all their friends, who were gathered in the library, joined in the hearty

"Hooray! Hooray! Hoo—"

What had happened?

An ominous cracking, splitting sound—a sudden, bewildering feeling of "goneness," of the bottom having fallen out of things. Then everybody found himself not only in darkness and confusion and panic, but slipping, sliding down to nowhere, jammed against some one below and some one on each side, and being jammed by some one above and around on all sides.

Frightened screams penetrated the air, and were answered by equally terror-stricken cries from the guests in the other rooms.

"Lord, save us!" quavered one.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"

started another, in trembling tones.

Then a flame appeared—a dress caught the blaze.

"I'm on fire!" shrieked a voice.

It was Bertha's.

"Heavens and earth!" groaned

Tom, then yelled in desperation:

"Somebody throw some water down here!"

With that some one in the darkness above rushed to the back of the house. In another moment a light appeared, revealing Bridget and others dragging a tub.

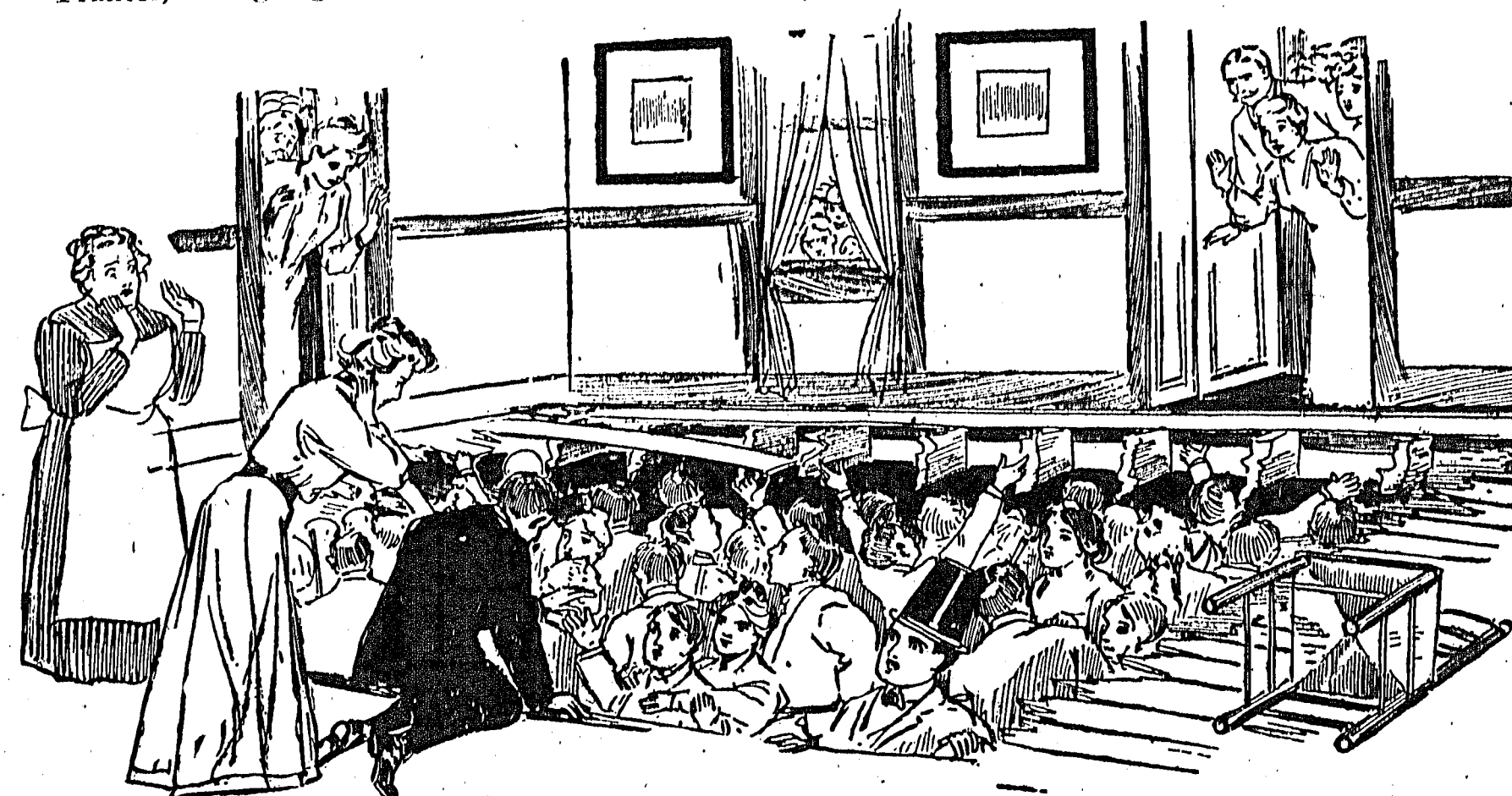
"Tip it over, boys," commanded

Bridget, and the next instant Bertha

was deluged in soapsuds from the extra washing that had been done that day.

Other lights appeared—people who had come to their senses also came to the rescue, and one by one the fifty or more helpless victims of the accident were extricated from their unpleasant position in the cellar and deposited in the arms of their bosom friends.

And only one was injured. Poor Bertha, besides a badly scorched and soap-sudded frock, had a sprained ankle to keep her a prisoner in her home for a month.



"THE BOTTOM HAVING FALLEN OUT OF THINGS"

patch it up with the dominie, I'm sure."

So it was settled; but Bertha had more than one sinking of heart and quail of conscience before she finally screwed up the courage to slip quietly—very quietly—down to the station, buy her ticket and take an inconspicuous seat in the most crowded car of all.

"Good! You're a brick!" was Tom's hearty greeting when she stepped out at the home station. Bertha had uneasy thoughts of her own, but brushed them aside and flung herself into Tom's hilarious mood.

"Now, Bertha, you'll rig yourself up in the sweetest kind of Irish fixings for tomorrow night, won't you? because there are to be prizes—a first prize for the prettiest make-up and a first prize for the most comical. You'll carry off the pretty first prize without half trying."

"Nonsense!" laughed Bertha. "But I'll get up an Irish costume, all

was quite the event of the week. A hundred young people had been invited, and what added unusual zest to the occasion was the fact that the two rival boys' schools had been impartially favored, a dozen seniors in each school being remembered with invitations. And, as a natural consequence, the burning question on every tongue was "Which school will win the comic prize?" which, as a matter of course, would go to a boy.

Costumes! Irish! They were a wonder, every last one of the hundred! For absolutely nobody had sent regrets.

"Oh, Helen, what a pretty costume!" cried a dozen enthusiastic admirers.

"Not nearly as pretty as yours—and yours, and yours!"

"Dan, you're a dandy!" laughed many a person, addressing the most comical representative of the Fielding School, who figured as an Irish constable.

Others again sang the praises of

the library, the prizes will be awarded according to the decision of the judges, who are Mrs. Murphy and your humble servant, and, as chairman of the committee, our genuine Irish friend, Bridget, the cook!"

"Hurrah for Bridget!" cried the Fieldings.

"Hip! hip! hip! for Bridget!"

broke in the Barnells, with equal

noise.

For both sides hoped that Bridget

had cast her vote in favor of their school.

"The first prize, for the prettiest costume, has been awarded to Miss Bertha Damon," announced Mr. Murphy, and smilingly handed her a bouquet of American Beauties.

Hearty applause followed Bertha's blushing acceptance of the prize.

Then came an expectant silence.

Which school would get the coveted "comic prize"? For it was a foregone conclusion that one or other

would capture it, their respective

seniors having devised by far the

TOM was a pet cat in the family of Mr. A—. He was remarkable for his beauty as well as his size. His color was black, except his nose, throat and feet, which were snowy white, and his weight was nineteen pounds.

Tom seemed to realize that he was a very handsome cat, for he spent a great deal of time at his toilet, and kept himself wonderfully clean. He was a great ratter, but scorned the idea of catching mice; they were quite beneath his notice.

He was also a fine boxer, and he and his mistress had regular boxing matches. It was comical to see him sitting up on his haunches and striking blow for blow with his paws. He seldom scratched, however, with his sharp claws; he was too good-natured for that.

Tom was very kind and gentle, and

He was sadly missed and lamented by the family, in which he had been a pet for so many years. J. B. F.

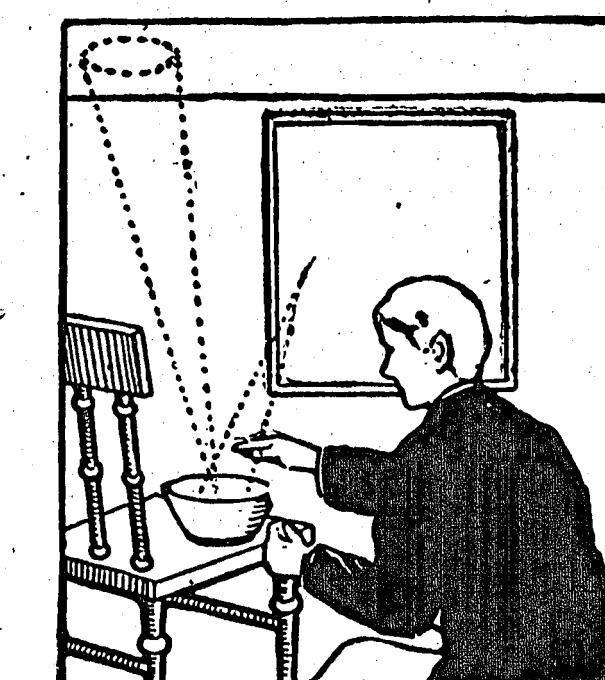
Tom Tit's Experiments With the Sun's Rays

WE WILL have two experiments today, boys and girls. One will have to do with the sun's rays. The other will be a trick with water. After you have read my directions, you will be able to make the experiments successfully yourself.

Take a large bowl, fill it half full of water and place it in front of a sunny window at about noon in the full sunshine.

Having drawn down the shades at all of the windows (part way only at your own), and closed the windows to keep out any wind that may be blowing, seat yourself close to the table and sit perfectly still during the experiment.

Now, you will observe on the ceiling



and opposite the window a large circle of brilliant light. It will seem to dance and quiver—waves of light, then of shadow, appearing to spring from sides to centre and back again.

If you sit perfectly still, however, and everything else in the room is in perfect quiet, the quivering, wavering motion will gradually subside till you can see only the least little signs of unrest. These come from the slight tremblings of the house caused by the teams and pedestrians outside and by such members of the household as may be moving about in other rooms of the house.

By this time you are ready to lay your two bare wrists on the edge of the

Puzzle Story by Polly Evans



Philip is a good student in most branches of study. But geography is his blackbear!

"Where is Warsaw?" asks

his teacher.

"In India," answers Phil, and then wonders what he has said to bring a derisive grin to every schoolmate's face.

Now, if his teacher only had time to teach him geography by means of puzzles, as Uncle Harry did on St. Patrick's Day, he would get along amazingly well, for Phil is passionately

fond of solving puzzles, and anything he learns in that way—even a geographical fact—sticks to his memory for good.

What Uncle Harry did on St. Patrick's Day was to draw six picture puzzles for Phil and leave him to discover what six places in Ireland they represented.

Phil had a delightful fifteen or twenty minutes' time puzzling out the answers, and he succeeded.

Can you do the same?

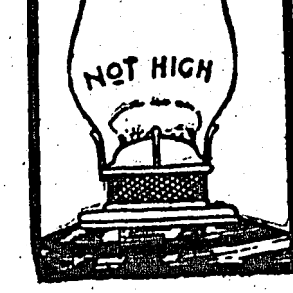
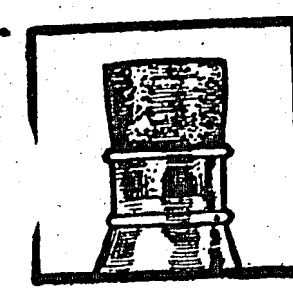
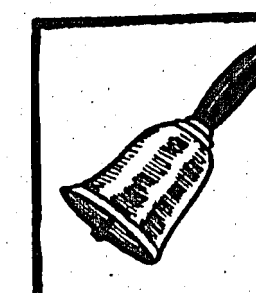
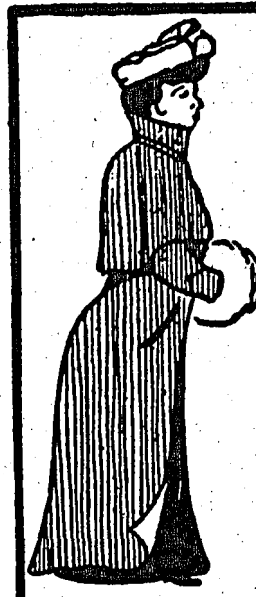


table and watch the effect of one circle of light. Notice! Waves of light shadow

now begin to move back and forth across the circle at regular intervals. Watch closely, and you will find these intervals continue to be perfectly regular. Evidently they are caused by something that is moving at regular intervals, like the pendulum of a clock.

Suppose you lay your wrists now on the edge of the bowl. After a first wild commotion the circle of light will be sure to subside gradually to the same motion at regular intervals as you noted before.

Does the water cause this regularity of motion? No, for to all appearances the water is perfectly still.

No, it is not the water, but your own pulse. Your heart, acting like a pump, sends little spouts of blood through your body. Some of these flow through your arms and down the wrists, and there they come so close to the surface that they virtually come in contact with the surface of the table or bowl and the latter quivers under their beat, thus shaking the water and immediately affecting the reflecting waves of sunlight in the ceiling.

Now for the water trick. Place a sheet of paper on a glass that has been filled with water. If now you turn the glass rapidly, not a drop of water will be spilled. Why? Because of the pressure of the atmosphere on the paper. So, you see, that, simple though it is, this trick proves the important principle that there is atmospheric pressure on water.

Another trick to show is that even the weight of the glass, in addition to that of the water, will not prevent you from attaining the same result.

Rub the edge of the glass with grease, and then pour in water up to the very brim. Bore a hole in the middle of a sheet of cardboard, draw a length of twine through it (knotted at one end), fill up the crevices of the hole with wax; then lay the cardboard on the

glass and press it down all around the edge. You can now lift glass, water and cardboard by the twine, and, suspending them from a hook, you can set the whole swinging like a pendulum. Wonderful—the powerful pressure of the atmosphere, isn't it?

GIVE out a set of cards with pencils attached. You can either buy them at a stationery shop or make them yourself. Each card should have a certain number of figures, from 1 up, on it, according to the number of questions you have to ask your players. The game is for each player to answer all your questions with words beginning with his own initials, in the order in which they stand.

Here are sample answers to one hostess' questions (the guest's initials were H. I. M.):

What's your favorite dish? Hot Irish Whistles.

What's your favorite drink? Honey in Milk.

What's your favorite pastime? Howling in Mud.

What is your greatest virtue? Having tinocor' Mind.

The Blazed Trail

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

"Somebody in town will give us away," suggested Shorty, the chore-boy.

"No, they won't; they're all here," assured Kerlie.

It was true. Except for the women and children, who were not yet about, the entire village had assembled. Even old Vanderhoof, the fire-watcher of the yard, hobbled along breathlessly on his rheumatic legs. In a moment the masks were fitted. In a moment more the little band had emerged from the shelter of the camp, and so came in full view of the objective point.

Shingleville consisted of a big mill; the yards, now empty of lumber; the large frame boarding-house; the office; the stable; a store; two saloons; and a dozen dwellings. The party at once fixed its eyes on this collection of buildings, and trudged on down the right-of-way with unhastening grimness.

Their approach was not unobserved. Daly saw them; and Baker, his foreman saw them. The two went forth at once to organize opposition. When the attacking party reached the mill-yard, it found the boss and the foreman standing alone in the sawdust, revolvers drawn.

Daly traced a line with his toe. "The first man that crosses that line, gets it," said he.

They knew he meant what he said. An instant's pause ensued, while the big and the little faced the mob. Daly's rivermen were still on drive. He knew the mill men too well to depend on them. Truth to tell, the possibility of such a raid as this had not occurred to him; for the simple reason that he did not anticipate the discovery of his complicity with the forces of nature. Skillfully carried out, the plan was a good one. No one need know of the weakened link, and it was the most natural thing in the world that Sadler & Smith's drive should go out with the increase of water.

The men grouped swiftly and silently on the other side of the sawdust line. The pause did not mean that Daly's defense was good. I have known a crew of striking mill men being so bluffed down, but not such men as these.

"Do you know what is going to happen to you?" said a voice from the group. The speaker was Radway, but the contractor kept himself well in the background. "We're going to burn your mill; we're going to burn your yards; we're going to burn your whole shooting match, you low-lived whelp!"

"Yes, and we're going to string you to your own trestle!" growled another voice harshly.

"Dyer!" said Injin Charley, simply, shaking the wet scalp arm's length towards the lumbermen.

At this grim interruption a silence fell. The owner paled slightly; his foreman chewed a nonchalant straw. Down the still and deserted street crossed and recrossed the subtle occult influences of a half-hundred concealed watchers. Daly and his subordinate were very much alone, and very much in danger. Their last hour had come; and they knew it. With the recognition of the fact, they immediately raised their weapons in the resolve to do as much damage as possible before being overpowered.

Then suddenly, full in the back, a heavy stream of water knocked them completely off their feet, rolled them over and over on the wet sawdust, and finally jammed them both against the trestle, where it held them, kicking and gasping for breath, in a choking cataract of water. The pistols flew harmlessly into the air. For an instant the Fighting Forty stared in paralyzed astonishment. Then a tremendous roar of laughter saluted this easy vanquishment of a formidable enemy.

Daly and Baker were pounced upon and captured. There was no resistance. They were too nearly strangled for that. Little Solly and old Vanderhoof turned off the water in the fire hydrant and disconnected the hose they had so effectively employed.

"There, damn you!" said Rollway Charley, jerking a millman to his feet. "How do you like too much water? hey?"

The unexpected comedy changed the party's mood. It was no longer a question of killing. A number broke into the store, and shortly emerged, bearing pails of kerosene with which they deluged the slabs on the windward side of the mill. The flames caught the structure instantly. A thousand sparks borne by the offshore breeze, fastened like so many stinging insects on the lumber in the yard.

It burned as dried balsam thrown on a camp fire. The heat of it drove the onlookers far back in the village, where in silence they watched the destruction. From behind locked doors the inhabitants watched with them.

The billow of white smoke filled the northern sky. A whirl of gray wood ashes, light as air, floated on and over on over Europe. The site of the mill, the squares where the piles of lumber had stood, glowed incandescent over which already a white film was forming.

Daly and his man were slapped and cuffed hither and thither at the men's will. Their faces bled, their bodies ached as one bruise.

"That squares us," said the men. "If we can't cut this year, neither can you. It's up to you now!"

Then, like a destroying horde of locusts, they gutted the office and the store, smashing what they could

not carry to the fire. The dwellings and saloons they did not disturb. Finally about noon, they kicked their two prisoners into the river, and took their way straggling back along the right-of-way.

"I surmise we took that town apart some!" remarked Shorty with satisfaction.

"I should rise to remark," replied Kerlie. Big Junko said nothing, but his cavernous little animal eyes glowed with satisfaction. He had been the first to lay hands on Daly; he had helped to carry the petroleum and he had struck the first match; he had even administered the final kick.

At the boarding-house they found Wallace Carpenter and Hamilton seated on the verandah. It was now afternoon. The wind had abated somewhat, and the sun was struggling with the still flying scuds.

"Hello, boys," said Wallace, "been for a little walk in the woods?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jack Hyland, "we—"

"I'd rather not hear," interrupted Wallace. "There's quite a fire over east. I suppose you haven't noticed it."

Hyland looked gravely eastward. "Sure 'nough!" said he.

"Better get some grub," suggested Wallace.

After the men had gone in, he turned to the journalist.

"Hamilton," he began, "write all you know about the drive, and the break, and the rescue, but as to the burning of the mill—"

"The other held out his hand. 'Good,' said Wallace, offering his own."

And that was as far as the famous Shingleville raid ever got. Daly did his best to collect even circumstantial evidence against the participants but in vain. He could not even get anyone to say that a single member of the village of Carpenter had absented himself from town that morning. This might have been from loyalty, or it might have been from fear of the vengeance of the Fighting Forty would surely visit on a traitor. Probably it was a combination of both. The fact remains, however, that Daly never knew surely of but one man implicated in the destruction of his plant. That man was Injin Charley, but Injin Charley promptly disappeared.

After an interval, Tim Shearer, Radway and Kerlie came out again. "Where's the boss?" asked Shearer.

"I don't know, Tim," replied Wallace, seriously.

"I've looked everywhere. He's gone. He must have been all cut up. I think he went out in the big woods to get over it. I am not worrying. Harry has lots of sense. He'll come in about dark."

"Sure!" said Tim.

"How about the boy's stakes?" queried Radway. "I hear this is a bad smash for the firm."

"We'll see that the men get their wages all right."

"All right," rejoined the contractor. "We're all going to need our money this summer."

CHAPTER LVII.

Thorpe walked through the silent group of men without seeing them. He had no thought for what he had done, but for triumphant discovery he had made in spite of himself. This he saw at once as something to glory in and as a duty to be fulfilled.

It was then about six o'clock in the morning. Thorpe passed the boarding-house, the store, and the office, to take himself as far as the little open shed that served the primitive town as a railway station. There he set the semaphore to flag the east bound train from Duluth. At six thirty-two the train happened on time, he climbed aboard. He dropped heavily into a seat and stared in front of him until the conductor had spoken to him twice.

"Where to, Mr. Thorpe," he asked. The latter gazed at him uncomprehendingly.

"Oh! Mackinaw City," he replied at last.

"How're things going up your way?" inquired the conductor by way of conversation while he made out the pay slip.

"Good!" responded Thorpe, mechanically.

The act of paying for his fare brought to his consciousness that he had but a little over ten dollars with him. He thrust the change back into his pocket, and took up his contemplation of nothing. The river water dripped slowly from his "cork" boots to form a pool on the car floor. The heavy wool of his short driving trousers steamed in the car's warmth. His shoulders dried in a little cloud of vapor. He noticed none of these things, but stared ahead, his gaze vacant, the bronze of his face set in the lines of a brown study, his strong capable hands hanging purposeless between his knees. The ride to Mackinaw City was six hours long, and the train in addition lost some ninety minutes; but in all this Thorpe never altered his pose nor his fixed attitude of attention to some inner voice.

The car-ferry finally landed on the southern peninsula. Thorpe descended to Mackinaw City to find that the noon train had gone. He ate lunch at the hotel, borrowed \$100 from the agent of Louis Sands, a lumberman of his acquaintance, and seated himself rigidly in the little waiting room, there to remain until nine-twenty that night. When the cars were backed down from the siding, he boarded the sleeper. In the doorway stood a disapproving colored porter.

"Yo'll fin' the smokin' cah up so-

w'd, suh," said the latter, firmly barring the way.

"It's generally forward," answered Thorpe.

"This yeah's th' sleepah," protested the functionary.

"You pays extrey," replied Thorpe curtly. "Give me a lower."

"Yessah!" acquiesced the darkey, giving way, but still in doubt. He followed Thorpe curiously, peering in the smoking room from time to time. A little after twelve his patience gave out. The stolid gloomy man of lower six seemed to intend sitting up all night.

"Yo' berth is ready, suh," he delicately suggested.

Thorpe rose obediently, walked to lower six, and without undressing, threw himself on the bed. Afterwards the porter, in conscious discharge of his duty, looked diligently beneath the seat for boots to polish. Happening to glance up, after fruitless search, he discovered the boots still adorning the feet of their owner.

"Well, for th' lands sake!" ejaculated the scandalized negro, beating a hasty retreat.

He was still more scandalized when the following noon, his strange fare brushed by him without bestowing the expected tip.

Thorpe descended at Twelfth street in Chicago without any very clear notion of where he was going. For a moment he faced the long park-like expanse of lake front, then turned sharp to his left and picked his way south up the interminable reaches of Michigan Avenue. He did this without any conscious motive—mainly because the reaches seemed interminable, and he proved the need of walking. Block after block he clicked along, the caulk of his boots striking fire from the pavement. Some people stared at him a little curiously. Others merely glanced in his direction, attracted more by the expression of his face than the peculiarity of his dress. At that time river-men were not an uncommon sight along the water front.

After an interval he seemed to have left the smoke and dirt behind. The street became quieter. Boarding-houses and tailors' shops ceased. Here and there appeared a bit of lawn, shrubbery, flowers. The residences, established an uptown crescendo of magnificence. Policemen seemed trimmer, better-gloved. Occasionally he might have noticed in front of one of the sandstone piles, a besilvered pair championing her a stylish vehicle. By and by he came to himself to find that he was staring at the deep-carved lettering in a stone horse-block before a large dwelling.

His mind took the letters in one after the other, perceiving them very plainly before it recorded him recognition. Finally he had completed the word Farrand. He whirled sharp on his heel, mounted the broad white stone steps, and rang the bell.

It was answered almost immediately by a cleanly-shaven, portly and dignified man with the most impassive countenance in the world. This man looked upon Thorpe with lofty disapproval.

"Is Miss Hilda Farrand at home?" he asked.

"I cannot say," replied the man. "If you will step to the back door, I will ascertain."

"The flowers will do. Now see that the south room is ready, Annie," floated a voice from within. Without a word, but with a deadly earnestness, Thorpe reached forward, seized the astonished servant by the collar, yanked him bodily outside the door, stepped inside, and strode across the hall toward a closed portiere whence had come the voice. The riverman's long spikes cut little triangular pieces from the hardwood floor. Thorpe did not notice that. He thrust aside the portiere.

Before him he saw a young and beautiful girl. She was seated and her lap was filled with flowers. At this sudden apparition her hands flew to her heart, and her lips slightly parted. For a second the two stood looking at each other, just as nearly a year before their eyes had crossed over the old pole trail.

To Thorpe the girl seemed more beautiful than ever. She exceeded even his retrospective dreams of her, for the dream had persistently retained something of the quality of idealism which made the vision unreal, while the woman before him had become human flesh and blood, adorable, to be desired. The red of his violent, unexpected encounter rushed to her face, her bosom rose and fell in a fluttering catch for breath; but her eyes were steady and inquiring.

Then the butler pounced on Thorpe from behind to do great bodily harm.

"Morris!" commanded Hilda shortly. "what are you doing?"

The man cut short his heroism in confusion.

"You may go," concluded Hilda. Thorpe stood straight and unflinching by the straight portiere. After a moment he spoke.

"I have come to tell you that you were right and I was wrong," said he steadily. "You told me there could be nothing better than love. In the pride of my strength I told you this was not so. I was wrong."

He stood for another instant, looking directly at her, then turned very sharply, and head erect walked from the room.

Before he reached the outer door the girl was at his side.

"Why are you going?" she asked. "I have nothing more to say."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing at all?"

She laughed happily to herself. "But I have much—Come back."

They returned to the little morning room, Thorpe's caulked boots gouging out triangular furrows in the hardwood floor. Neither noticed that Morris, the butler, emerged from his hiding and held up the hands of horror.

"What are you going to do now?" she catechised, facing him in the middle of the room. A long tendril of her beautiful corn-silk hair fell across her eyes. Her red lips parted in a faint wistful smile; beneath the draperies of her loose gown the pure slender lines of her figure leaned toward him.

"I am going back," he replied patiently.

"I knew you would come," said she. "I have been expecting you." She raised on hand to brush back the tendril of hair, but it was a mechanical gesture, one that did not even stir the surface consciousness of the strange half-smiling, half-wistful, starchy gaze with which she watched his face.

"Oh, Harry," she breathed, with a sudden flash of insight, "you are a man born to be much misunderstood."

He held himself rigid, but in his veins was creeping a moulten fire, and the fire was beginning to glow dully in his eye. Her whole being called him. His heart leaped, his breath came fast, his eyes swam. With almost hypnotic fascination the idea obsessed him—to kiss her lips, to press the soft body of the young girl, to tumble her hair down about her flower face. He had not come for this. He tried to steady himself, and by an effort that left him weak he succeeded. The new flood of passion overcame him. In the latter desire was nothing of the old humble adoration. It was elemental, real, almost a little savage. He wanted to seize her so fiercely as to hurt her. Something caught his throat, filled his lungs, weakened his knees. For a moment it seemed to him that he was going to faint.

And still she stood there before him, saying nothing, leaning slightly towards him, her red lips half parted, her eyes fixed almost wistfully on his fate.

"Go away!" he whispered hoarsely at last. The voice was not his own. "Go away! Go away!"

Suddenly she swayed to him.

"Oh, Harry, Harry," she whispered, "must I tell you? Don't you see?"

The flood broke through him. He seized her hungrily. He crushed her to him until she gasped; he pressed his lips against hers until she almost cried out with the pain of it; he ran his great brown hands blindly about her hair until it came down about them both in a cloud of spun light.

"Tell me!" he whispered.

"Oh! Oh!" she cried. "Please! What is it?"

"I do not believe it," he murmured savagely.

She drew herself from him with gentle dignity.

"I'm not worthy to say it," she said soberly, "but I love you with all my heart and soul!"

Then for the first and only time in his life Thorpe fell to weeping, while she, understanding, stood by and comforted him.

CHAPTER LVIII.

The few moments of Thorpe's tears eased the emotional strain under which, perhaps unconsciously, he had been laboring for nearly a year past. The tenseness of his nerves relaxed. He was able to look on the things about him from a broader standpoint than that of the specialist, to front life with saving humor. The deep breath after striving could at last be taken.

In this new attitude there was nothing strenuous, nothing demanding haste; only a deep glow of content and happiness. He savored deliberately the joy of a luxurious couch, rich hangings, polished floor, subdued light, warmed atmosphere. He watched with soul-deep gratitude the soft girlish curves of Hilda's body, the poise of her flower head, the piquant, half wistful, half-childish set of her red lips, the clear starlike glimmer of her dusky eyes. It was all near to him; his.

"Kiss me, dear," he said.

She swayed to him again, deliciously graceful, deliciously unconscious, trusting, adorable. Already in the little nothingness of manner, the trifles of mental and bodily attitude, she had assumed that faint trace of the maternal, which to the observant tells so plainly that a woman has given herself to a man.

She leaned her cheek against her hand, and her hand against his shoulder.

"I have been reading a story lately," said she. "That has interested me very much. It was about a man who renounced all he held most dear to shield a friend."

"Yes," said Thorpe.

"Then he renounced all his most valuable possessions because a poor common man needed the sacrifice."

"Sounds like a medieval story," said he with unconscious humor.

"It happened recently," rejoined Hilda. "I read it in the papers."

"Well, he blazed a good trail," was Thorpe's sighing comment. "Probably he had his chance. We don't all of us get that. Things go crooked and get tangled up, so we have to do the best we can. I don't believe I've done it."

"Oh, you are delicious!" she cried. After a time she said very humbly:

"I want to beg your pardon for misunderstanding you and causing you

so much suffering. I was very stupid and didn't see why you could not do as I wanted you to."

"That is nothing to forgive. I acted like a fool."

"I have known about you," she went on. "It has all come out in the Telegram. It has been very exciting. Poor boy, you look tired."

He straightened himself suddenly. "I have forgotten,—actually forgotten," he cried a little bitterly. "Why, I am a pauper, a bankrupt, I—"

"Harry," she interrupted gently, but firmly, "you must not say what you were going to say. I cannot allow it. Money came between us before. It must not do so again. Am I not right dear?"

She smiled at him with the lips of a child and the eyes of a woman.

"Yes," he agreed, after a struggle, "you are right. But now I must begin all over again. It will be a long time before I shall be able to claim you. I have my way to make."

"Yes," said she, diplomatically. "But you!" he cried suddenly.

"The papers remind me. How about that Morton?"

"What about him?" asked the girl astonished. "He is very happily engaged."

Thorpe's face slowly filled with blood.

"You'll break the engagement at once," he commanded a little harshly.

"Why should I break the engagement?" demanded Hilda, eying him with some alarm.

"I should think it was obvious enough."

"But it isn't," she insisted. "Why?"

Thorpe was silent—as he always had been in emergencies; and as he was destined always to be. His was not a nature of expression, but of action. A crisis always brought him like a bull-dog, silently to the grip. Hilda watched him, puzzled, with bright eyes, like a squirrel. Her quick brain glanced here and there among the possibilities, seeking the explanation. Already she knew better than to demand it of him.

"You actually don't think he's engaged to me?" she burst out finally.

"Isn't he?" asked Thorpe.

"Why no, stupid! He's engaged to Elizabeth Carpenter, Wallace's sister. Now where did you get that silly idea?"

"I saw it in the paper."

"And you believe all you see? Why didn't you ask Wallace—but of course you wouldn't! Harry, you are the most incoherent dumb old brute I ever saw! I could shake you! Why don't you say something occasionally when it's needed, instead of sitting dumb as a sphinx and getting into all sorts of trouble? But you never will. I know you. You dear old bear. You need a wife to interpret things for you. You speak a different language from most people."

She said this between laughing and crying; between a sense of the ridiculous uselessness of withholding a single timely word, and a tender pathetic intuition of a suffering a nature must endure. In the prospect of the future she saw her use. It gladdened her and filled her with a serene happiness possible only to those who feel themselves a necessary and integral part in the lives of the ones they love. Dimly she perceived this truth.

Dimly beyond it she glimpsed that other great truth of nature, that the human being is rarely completely efficient alone, that in obedience to his greater use he must take to himself a mate before he can succeed.

Suddenly she jumped to her feet with an exclamation.

"Oh, Harry! I'd forgotten utterly!" she cried in laughing consternation. "I have a luncheon here at half-past one! It's almost that now. I me; just look! You did that!"

"I'll wait here until the confounded thing is over," said Thorpe.

"Oh, no, you won't," replied Hilda decidedly. "You are going down town right now and get something to eat on. Then you are coming back here to stay."

Thorpe glanced in surprise at his driver's clothes, and his spiked boots.

"Heavens and earth!" he exclaimed. "I should think so! How am I to get out without ruining the floor?"

Hilda laughed and drew aside the portiere.

"Don't you think you have done that pretty well already?" she asked. "There, don't look so solemn. We're not going to be sorry for a single thing we've done to-day, are we?"

She stood close to him holding the lapels of his jacket in either hand, searched his face wistfully with her fathomless dark eyes.

"No, sweetheart, we are not," replied Thorpe soberly.

Surely it is useless to follow the sequel in detail, to tell how Hilda persuaded Thorpe to take her money. She aroused skillfully his fighting blood, induced him to use one fortune to rescue another. To a woman such as she this was not a very difficult task in the long run. A few scruples of pride, that was all.

"Do not consider its being mine," she answered to his objections. "Remember the lesson we learned so bitterly. Nothing can be greater than love, not even our poor ideals. You have my love; do not disappoint me by refusing so little a thing as my money."

"I hate to do it," he replied; "it doesn't look right."

(To Be Continued.)

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THE KELOWNA COURIER

AND

Okanagan Orchardist.

Owned and Edited by
GEO. C. ROSE, M. A.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance.

News of local events and communications in regard to matters of public interest will be gladly received for publication, if authenticated by the writer's name and address, which will not be printed if so desired. No matter of a scandalous, libellous or personal nature will be accepted.
To ensure acceptance, all manuscripts should be legibly written on one side of the paper only. Typewritten copy is preferred.
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Contract advertisers will please notice that all changes of advertisements must be handed to the printer by Monday evening to ensure publication in the current issue.

THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1907.

THE KELOWNA BAND.

We regret very much to learn that the members of the Band, disheartened by the feeble support given that organisation by the general public and the City Council, met together for the last time on Tuesday evening. The principal reason of dissolution is lack of funds; the Band has no sources of revenue whatsoever, and there are regular expenses to meet such as hall rent, salary of leader, light and heat, new music, &c., which the bandsmen should not have to pay out of their own pockets, as the public would appear to permit them to do.

A good brass band is a public necessity which even such an organisation as the Amateur Orchestra cannot fill, as there are times and places where only a brass band is suitable to the occasion, and it will be a disgrace to our city if prompt aid is not forthcoming sufficient to put the Band in good financial standing once more.

The Band boys have been too modest in their demands upon the public purse. Time was, in bygone days, when the first band that Kelowna possessed used to obtain much of its revenue from public concerts, but the more recent body seems to have been chary of seeking support in that way. In future, should the Band be re-organised, it would be well to keep this source of revenue in view, and the public should be only too glad to give its hearty support in the same way as it has done to the Orchestra.

Meantime, we believe it is the plain duty of the City Council to set aside a yearly sum as a grant in aid of the Band. It is an expenditure that no one with any public spirit or musical taste can grudge, and is a real necessity in view of the need of good band music at such functions as the proposed 24th of May celebration, the fall fair, and on such public occasions as the visit of the Governor-General last year. A town that cannot turn out a band for such events seems a pretty cheap and small affair to visitors, and surely the local pride of Kelowna will not permit the stigma to be incurred.

"Woodman! Spare That Tree!"

The sound of the axe is daily heard in Parkdale, and if the vandal hand of the chopper is not restrained, much of the right of that attractive suburb to its descriptive name will soon be shorn from it. It is no doubt necessary to remove much of the timber to make way for streets,

but the clearing of residential lots seems somewhat indiscriminate, and many of the trees might be left standing without interfering with the eligibility of the land as building sites. It has taken Nature many years to produce a glory of woodland that a few blows of the fell destroying axe may convert into a desert of stumps, and it would be well for those responsible for the destruction to consider whether they are really enhancing the value of their property by removing one of its present greatest attractions. Judicious thinning and the removal of half-dead trees and rotten stumps is all right, but many fine trees are sharing in the general massacre which surely could be saved.

It is a curious paradox in human nature that, after the native timber has been ruthlessly removed, the owner of the cleared land will often seek to beautify it by planting trees which, after all, are no improvement on the original forest, and must needs have years of growth before they can rival it in size. He might as well save his money and energies by using some discretion while there is yet time, and keep the name Parkdale as an actuality instead of a reminder of what has been.

Hospital Bazaar.

The bazaar in aid of the Cottage Hospital will be held in Raymer's Hall, on Wednesday, April 3rd, during the afternoon and evening.

Tea and coffee will be served by the young ladies of the town, and there will be many pretty and useful articles offered for sale, a number of which have been contributed by some of the principal stores of Victoria and Vancouver. In the evening, music will be rendered by the Kelowna Orchestra.

The following are the ladies who have undertaken to assist at the tables: Mesdames Boyce, Crowley, Curts, Gaddes, Josselyn, Knowles, Knox, Reekie, Stirling and Wilson.

There will be a bran pie with toys for the children in charge of Mrs. Greene.

It is earnestly hoped that all who can possibly attend will do so and help on a good work.—Con.

FOR SALE

1 team heavy Horses, cheap. 3 milk cows, Jersey and Jersey grade. Seed wheat and Early Rose potatoes. Apply,
Conkling and Hall,
32-34 Scotty Creek.

ACRE LOT FOR SALE

On Glenn Ave., east of Ethel St. Kelowna, planted with fine variety of fruit trees. Apply,
J. Ball,
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Have still on hand a fine stock of first class 1 and 2 year old APPLES, yearling PLUMS and PRUNES, CHERRIES and PEACHES in all the Leading Commercial Varieties.

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Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Roses, Climbers, Small Fruits, &c.

Largest and best assorted stock in the province to choose from.

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Local agent for Kelowna and Vernon:
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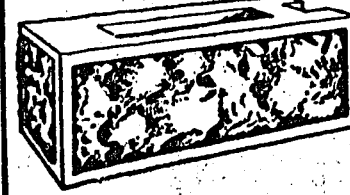
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Coast Lime, Plaster of Paris and Wood Fibre for sale.

Estimates Cheerfully Furnished.

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Has been thoroughly renovated throughout. First Class Accommodation for the travelling public. High class liquors and cigars. A home for all Commercial men.

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RESIDENTIAL LOTS. LAKE FRONTAGE LOTS.

We are now ready to sell lots on our new subdivision on Abbott St. South, within 500 yds. of the C. P. R. wharf.

One 10-acre block on Pendozi St. south. A fine residential site.

Also some beautiful lots in Parkdale. Fine garden soil. Call early and make your selection without delay.

Apply, K. L. & O. Co.'s Office.

The Kelowna Leather House.

20 per cent. off Horse Blankets

J. M. LANG & CO., Next to Post-Office.

Paint Alabastine Paint

Just arrived a large consignment of **Stephen's Mixed Paints, Varnishes, Stains,** etc., for outside and inside work.

Wa-ko-ver Floor Stains. The newest and best floor finish on the market.

Also Berry Bros.' Granite Natural Floor Dressing.

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We want your orders for printing of all descriptions, from posters to envelopes.

We base our prices on a modest margin of profit; we cannot and do not attempt to compete with Timothy Eaton's eastern prices as we pay decent wages and use the best of materials; but if you order Timothy's stationery by express, 15c a lb. toll to the Dominion Express Co. will make you wish you had dealt at home.

Please get estimates from us before ordering elsewhere.

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Loose hay, delivered in town, if required.

Apply to—

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30-11

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A cockerel and two pullets, the celebrated Partridge Wyandotte strain, prize-winners, price, \$5.00 for the three. Also settings of eggs from the same strain, \$2.00 per thirteen.

Apply,

W. H. Gaddes,
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31-41

LOST.

Between E. M. Carruthers' house and Kelowna Club a prayer book and hymn book, both bound in blue Russia leather. Finder please return to E. M. Carruthers,

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31

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LOCAL NEWS.

Get your seeds at Josselyn's. Mr. S. T. Elliott and Dr. Gaddes were passengers to Vernon on Thursday's boat, returning on Friday.

If you are in need of a new spring suit, have a look at the New Broadway clothing just received by W. B. Calder.

Messrs. Collins & Hewetson have sold the house on Glenn Ave., advertised in last week's Courier, and a one-acre lot in Parkdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey left for Indian Head, Sask., on Thursday. They were accompanied by the Misses Harvey and the Misses Glenn.

Mr. R. J. Aitken, who has been with Mr. B. E. Crichton for some time, left on Tuesday for Revelstoke, where he is taking a position with the C. P. R.

Mr. H. W. Raymer returned on Wednesday of last week from the Coast, where he had been attending the annual convention of the Dairymen's Association.

Mr. Weddell went up to Sicamous on Saturday to meet Mrs. Weddell, who has been spending the greater part of the winter in Ontario. They arrived by Monday's boat.

T. Lawson has just received a large consignment of boots and shoes from the Ames Holden Co., of Montreal, the largest manufacturers of boots and shoes in Canada.

The annual general meeting of the Polo Club will be held in Lequime's Hall on Saturday, March 23rd, at 8 p.m. All members and those interested are requested to attend.

Mr. D. E. Gellatly passed through on Friday on his way home to Gellatly. He had been laid up in Vernon Hospital with a severe attack of illness, and was still weak from its effects, although convalescent.

Mr. W. J. Clement, editor of the "Penticton Press," came up by Saturday's boat for a brief visit, returning on Monday. He states that while things are a little quiet at Penticton at present, there is every prospect of a busy spring and summer with much building and general improvement of properties, and a large influx of new settlers is expected.

We are asked to state that the third annual convention of the Okanagan Sunday School Association will be held at Enderby on March 28th and 29th. The programme includes a number of papers on Sunday School administration and methods, and presentation of reports by the secretaries of departments, among whom we note the names of two Kelowna ladies, Mrs. Herdman, for the Primary Department, and Mrs. W. Fuller, for the Home Department. Delegates will be able to take advantage of the Easter rates, and billets in Enderby homes will be provided for all.

A public meeting was held on Tuesday of last week at the K. L. & O. Co.'s ranche for the purpose of electing school trustees for the new school district of Mission Creek recently formed. Messrs. T. G. Speer, John Reekie and R. Carruthers were elected, and Mr. Speer was appointed secretary. There was a representative attendance at the meeting, and proceedings were harmonious throughout. The trustees will probably decide on placing the school near the K. L. & O. Co.'s ranche as the most convenient point in the school district.

COLLINS & HEWETSON (Late John Collins.)

KELOWNA, B.C.

Real Estate, Insurance, and General Commission Agents. Licensed Auctioneers. Rents Collected.
Town Lots, Business Properties, Farm Lands.

FOR SALE

House and corner lot on Water St., within five minutes' walk of Post Office.
Price,

\$1,750.

Office, K.S.U. Block

Rennie's seeds at Josselyn's.

Mrs. Dickson arrived on Monday's boat to pay a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Knox.

Mr. F. R. Metzler, who has been engaged in the photographic business here for several months, left on Tuesday for Vancouver.

The I. D. K. Minstrels will give a concert on the evening of Monday, April 1st. Further particulars will be given later.

Mr. J. Mollison came down from the Landing on Monday for a brief visit, leaving again on Tuesday on his way to England where he will spend some time, but intends to return to Okanagan.

Messrs. D. Woods, of Trout Creek, and W. D'Aeth were passengers to Vernon on Tuesday's boat. We understand Mr. Woods is applying for a licence for a hotel, which will doubtless meet with opposition from a number of the people of Summerland.

Mr. H. H. Millie went up to Vernon on Saturday to locate some trouble on the telephone switchboard that had baffled the local experts. He was successful in finding what was the matter and made the necessary repairs, returning on Monday.

Messrs. T. Lawson and H. Gruyelle left for the Coast on Tuesday, the former on a business trip to Vancouver, and the latter bound for the live stock show at New Westminster, to get some pointers on fattening stock.

The trustees of Mission Creek school district have selected a site for the school building on Mr. P. G. Stewart's land, near the Kelowna Land & Orchard Co.'s ranche. A special meeting of ratepayers will be held on March 26th to ratify the choice and to vote monies for the current year's expenses. It is hoped to have the school in operation at the beginning of the fall term.

A meeting was held in Lequime's Hall on Tuesday afternoon to consider the holding of a celebration on 24th May. There was only a small attendance owing to another meeting at the same hour, but it was decided to have a programme of sports and racing on Victoria Day. The following gentlemen were selected as a committee to make arrangements: Messrs. Bowes, Crowley, E. M. Carruthers, F. Fraser, DeHart, Elliott, Lawson, Meikle, Maguire, Poolley, Pyman, G. C. Rose, Sutherland (chairman), Hardman and Dr. Boyce. Mr. Rose, who was absent attending another meeting, has declined to act owing to pressure of business, and another secretary will be appointed and further arrangements made at a meeting of committee to be held on Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

The best assortment of seeds to choose from at Josselyn's.

Kelowna Cafe

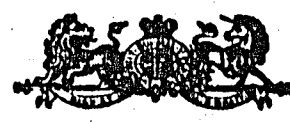
Japanese Novelties for Easter.

EASTER EGGS. FRENCH NOUGAT. TURKISH DELIGHT.

Orders now taken for HOT CROSS BUNS.

Home Made Bread.

H. E. Hitchcock.



Synopsis of Canadian Homestead Regulations.

ANY available Dominion Lands within the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated. The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land each year for three years.
- (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased), of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
- (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land. Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

Coal lands may be purchased at \$10 per acre for soft coal and \$20 for anthracite. Not more than 320 acres can be acquired by one individual or company. Royalty at the rate of ten cents per ton of 2,000 pounds shall be collected on the gross output.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

KELOWNA

Livery & FeedStables.....

We are still doing business in the old stand: in the same old way.

GOOD HORSES
GOOD RIGS
CAREFUL DRIVERS

COLLETT BROS.
PHONE NO. 20.

Kelowna Brick works

LARGE STOCK OF

A. 1. BRICKS

Are on the market. Builders and contractors who have already used the brick pronounce the material first class. We are in a position to supply orders from all points. Estimates for buildings cheerfully given. Samples of the brick may be seen at the stores in town.

HARVEY & COMPANY.

AGENTS WANTED.

For Kelowna to take orders for Made-to-Measure Tailored clothing. Good commission.

Crown Tailoring Co., Toronto.
29-41 Canada's Best Tailors.

FOR SALE

An 18 ft. gasoline launch, new three horse-power engine. Price, with fittings complete, \$400.

Apply, H. Lysons,
Kelowna.

3011

PERCY IMPROVES HIS TABLE MANNERS.

To Remove Freckles

I wrote to you some time ago for advice. Not seeing anything in print that I asked for, I take the liberty in order to get some of your recipes. Among them was something to remove freckles—to take the top right off, without injuring it. Also, something to keep them off in the summer months.

I do not recommend any preparation for freckles that will remove the outer skin. The following paste has proved beneficial in cases of stubborn freckles. There is no absolute preventive from freckles. However, by way of protection before exposure to sun or wind, rub in a good cold cream, wipe off with a soft cloth and dust over with a good toilet powder.

For Obstinate Freckles.

Oxide of zinc, 1/2 dram; sublimed of bismuth, 1/2 dram; dextrine, 1/2 dram; glycerine, 1/2 dram.

Mix the paste upon the freckles at night before going to bed. In the morning remove what remains with the powdered box and sweet oil.

Two Queries Answered

Will you kindly answer a couple of questions and very greatly oblige a reader?

I made up the formula for orange-flower cream, but as no instruction was given in regard to allowing it to boil, I was at a loss to know whether it was necessary only to melt the ingredients, or I allowed the mixture to boil. Was that wrong, and, if so, do you think it has taken away all its virtue? I also had the formula for oily hair made up, the one calling for sodium borate, sodium borate, tincture of cochineal, cologne, alcohol, etc. Is that intended to be used full strength and rubbed into the scalp, or diluted in water and the hair shampooed with it?

C. R. M.

In making the orange-flower cream it is only necessary to melt the ingredients, but I do not think that allowing it to boil would affect the cream to any extent. The lotion for oily hair is to be applied full strength to the roots of the hair.

Found Exercises Beneficial

Would you kindly tell me what would be good for filling out the face and making it round and plump; also for filling out the temples?

I found the movements for reducing the waist very satisfactory, and would like to know if there is any way in which to reduce the body.

My upper lip is losing its beauty; the skin seems loose, and lets the lip fall so the red scarcely shows. Is there anything that will draw it back to its proper place or restore it to its natural beauty? M. J.

There is nothing better than continued, gentle massage with a good skin food for filling out the face. Am glad you found the exercises for waist reduction beneficial. Since receipt of your letters others have been published for keeping the body slender. To improve the appearance of your lips train them in the desired direction by pinching gently between the thumb and forefinger.

To Keep Complexion Soft

Will you please tell me what is the best thing for the complexion, to make the skin soft and white—just a simple remedy?

ERNA LOUISE.

Keep your skin clean by washing it at least once a day with warm water and almond meal, rinsing afterward with clear, cold water. At night, before retiring, massage gently, using a good face cream.

How to Apply Cream

Will you please answer these questions for me?

How should the orange-flower cream be applied on the face and neck? Should the face be washed in warm water (as hot as one could stand), then apply cream? Should it be left on over night, or how long should it remain on, then? Must warm water and a good soap be used to wash it from the face? Does it injure the skin to steam the face for ten or fifteen minutes?

FARGO.

The best way to apply the orange-flower cream is to first bathe the skin in warm water and then rub the cream well into the pores of the skin, wiping off with a soft linen cloth. When the cream is applied as a protection before exposure to sun or wind, it is better not to use the water, simply apply the cream and wipe off gently afterward.

Excessive Perspiration of Feet

I am a constant reader of your department, and would like to have you inform me if the use of glycerine on the face will produce hair. My face chaps easily, and glycerine seems the only thing that helps it.

Also, I would like to ask you for a formula for perspiring feet. Some time ago you published a recipe in your paper which was excellent, but I have lost it. I think it was: Amylin, one dram; oxide of zinc, one dram; boracic acid, one dram. Now, I would like to know if you remember it, and if this is correct?

READER.

Glycerine will not promote a growth of superfluous hair on the face. I do not remember having recommended the lotion referred to for excessive perspiration of the feet, but the following lotion has been used with excellent results by many of my correspondents:

Excessive Perspiration of the Feet.

Tannic acid, eight grams; bay rum, four fluid ounces.

Mother Asks Advice

I have a little girl 2 years of age, whose hair grows very thick but is exasperatingly short. I wash it every morning, but it does not grow any longer. I wish you would help me in this matter. If you could give me some recipe to assist in growing the hair you would be a MOTHER.

If the child's hair is thick, it shows that it is in good, healthy condition, and it will no doubt grow longer in time. Washing the hair every day is entirely too often; once in several weeks is quite frequent enough. Keeping the ends trimmed promotes a healthy growth.

Regrets Loss of Formula

Some time during November or December you published a formula for face cream containing lanolin, spermaceti, white wax, coconut oil, oil of sweet almonds, neroli, etc. There was no nuttun tallow in it. Will you be kind enough to publish that again, as it was the finest cream I ever used? I thought I kept the formula, but cannot find it.

Orange-Flower Cream.

White wax, 1 ounce; spermaceti, 1 ounce; lanolin, 2 ounces; coconut oil, 1 ounce; orange-flower water, 2 ounces; oil of sweet almonds, 4 ounces; tincture of benzoin, 30 drops.

Melt the first five ingredients together, take off the fire and beat until nearly cold, adding little by little the benzoin and, lastly, the orange-flower water.

Wants to Stain Skin

Could you kindly give me a formula of a lotion for staining the skin a dark brown, that is not injurious to use and will not wash off readily?

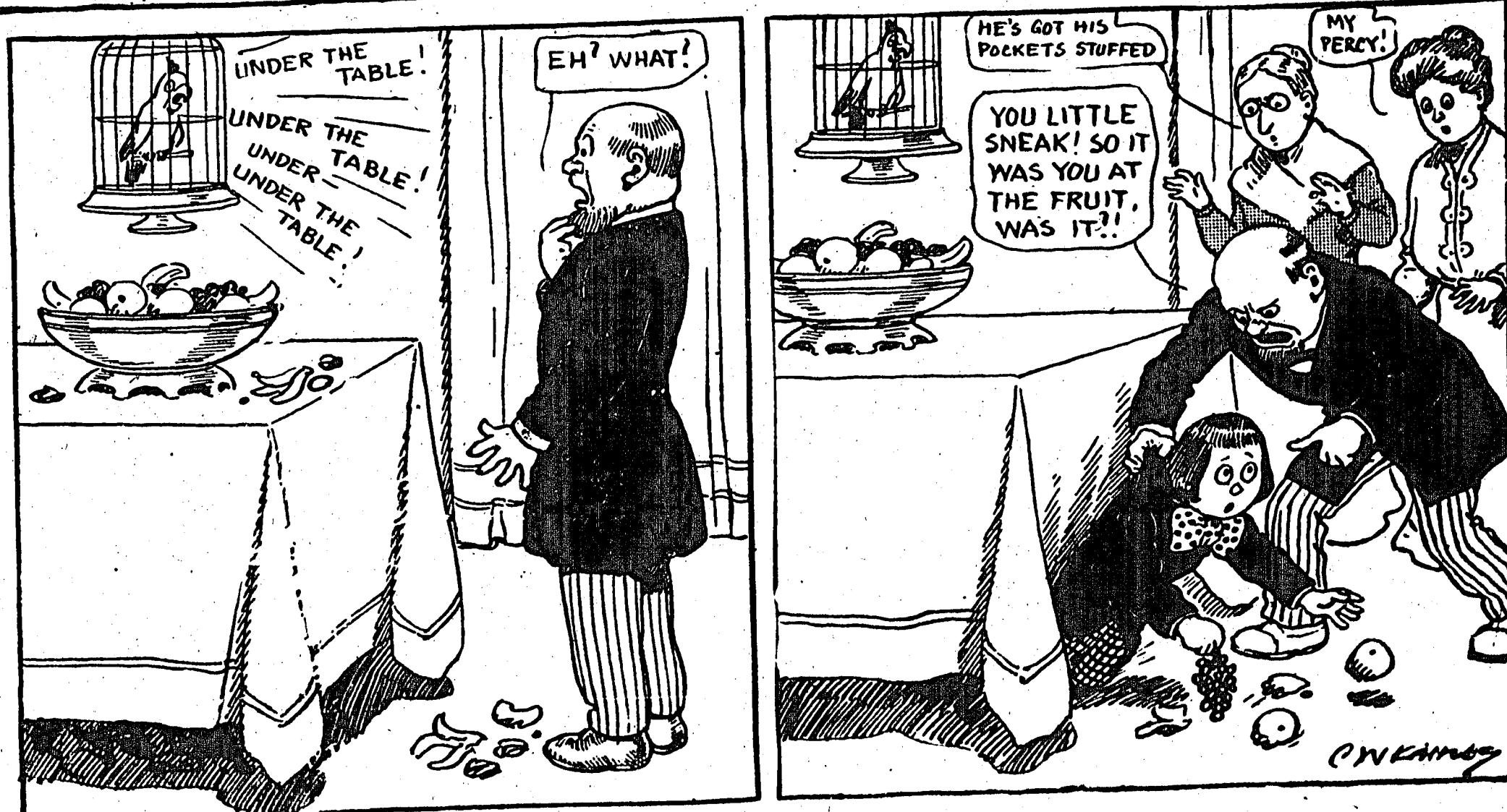
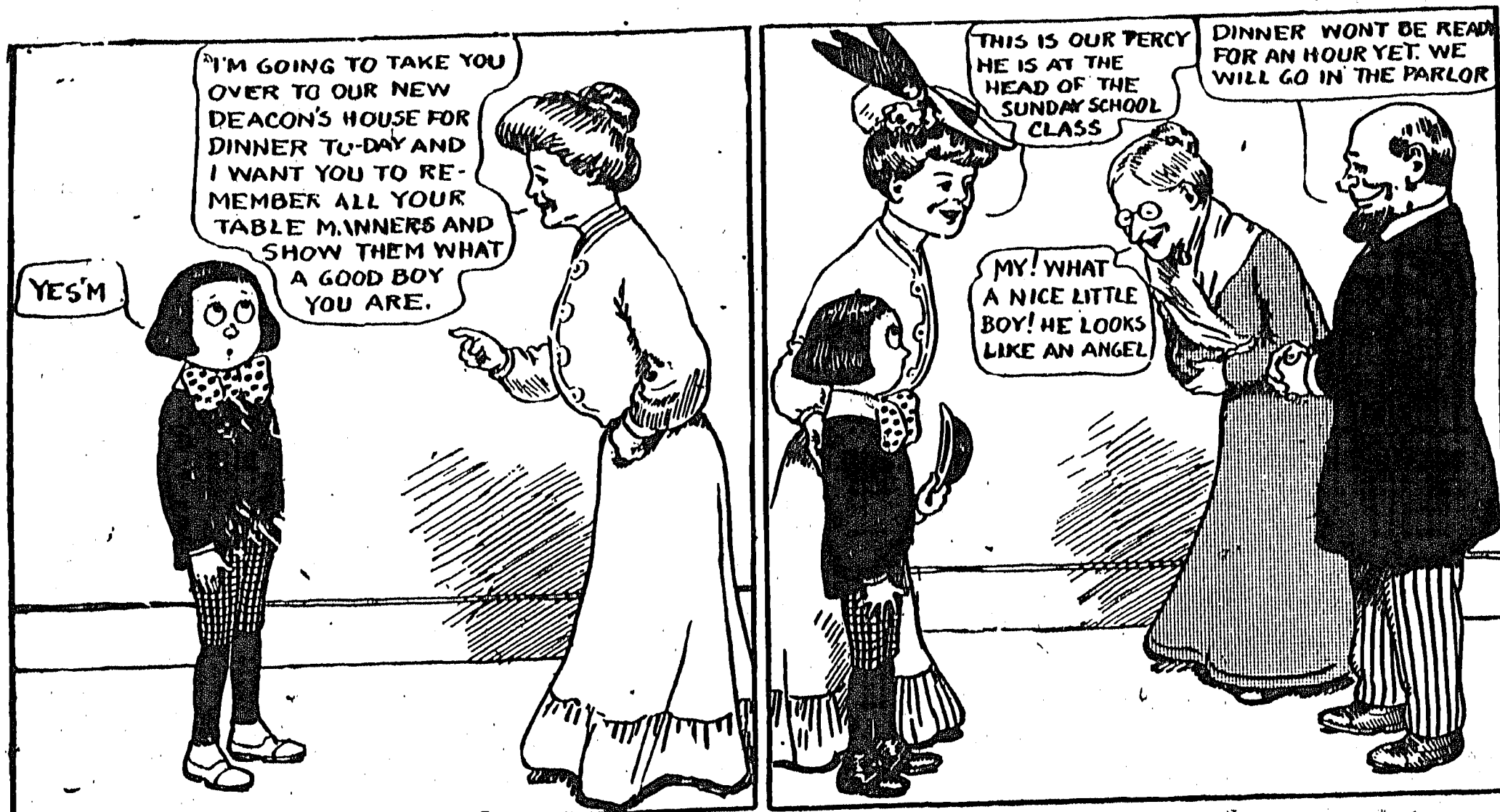
C. C. B.

I have no formula for lotion that will stain the skin dark brown, but advise you to write to a reliable dealer in cosmetics, who will be able to furnish you with what you desire.

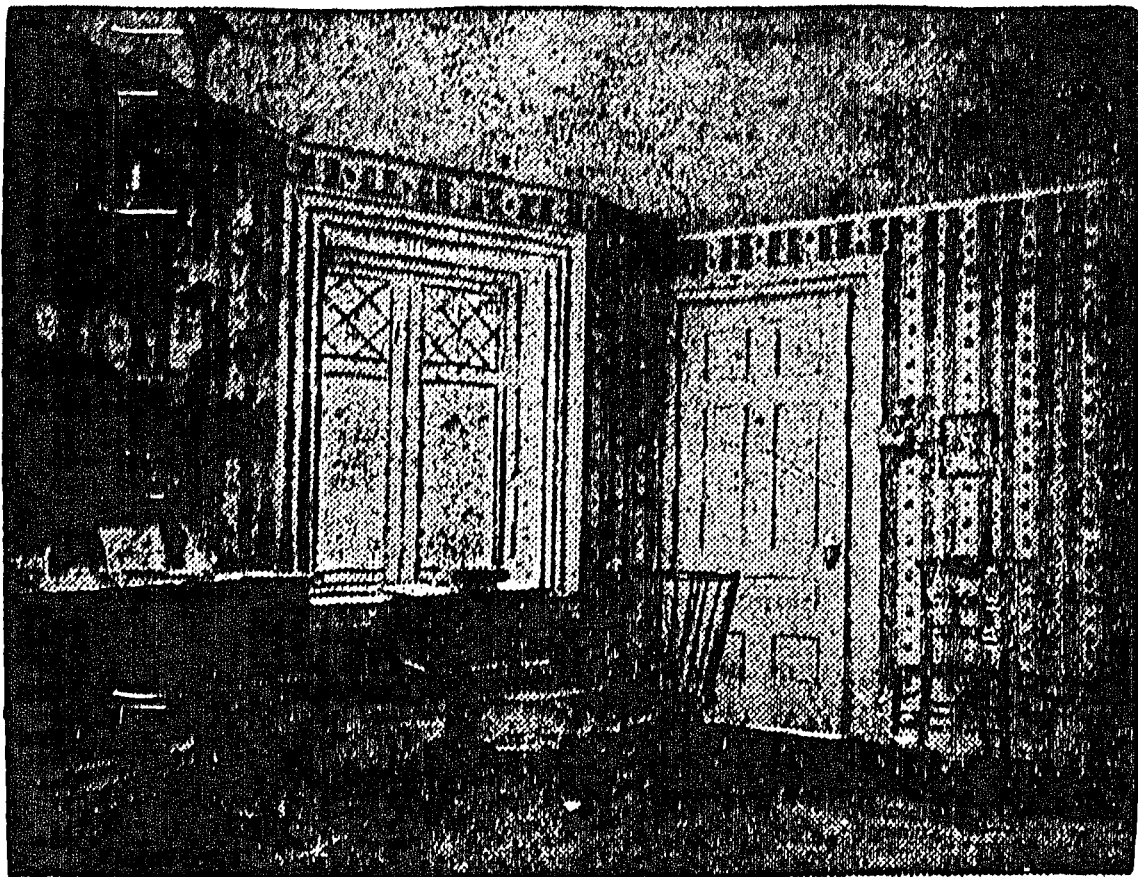
To Round Out the Wrists

In your reply to some one who asked how to plump their wrists, you told them to use a good skin food. Will you please tell me a good skin food to use? I would like to fatten my arms and neck. M. S. S.

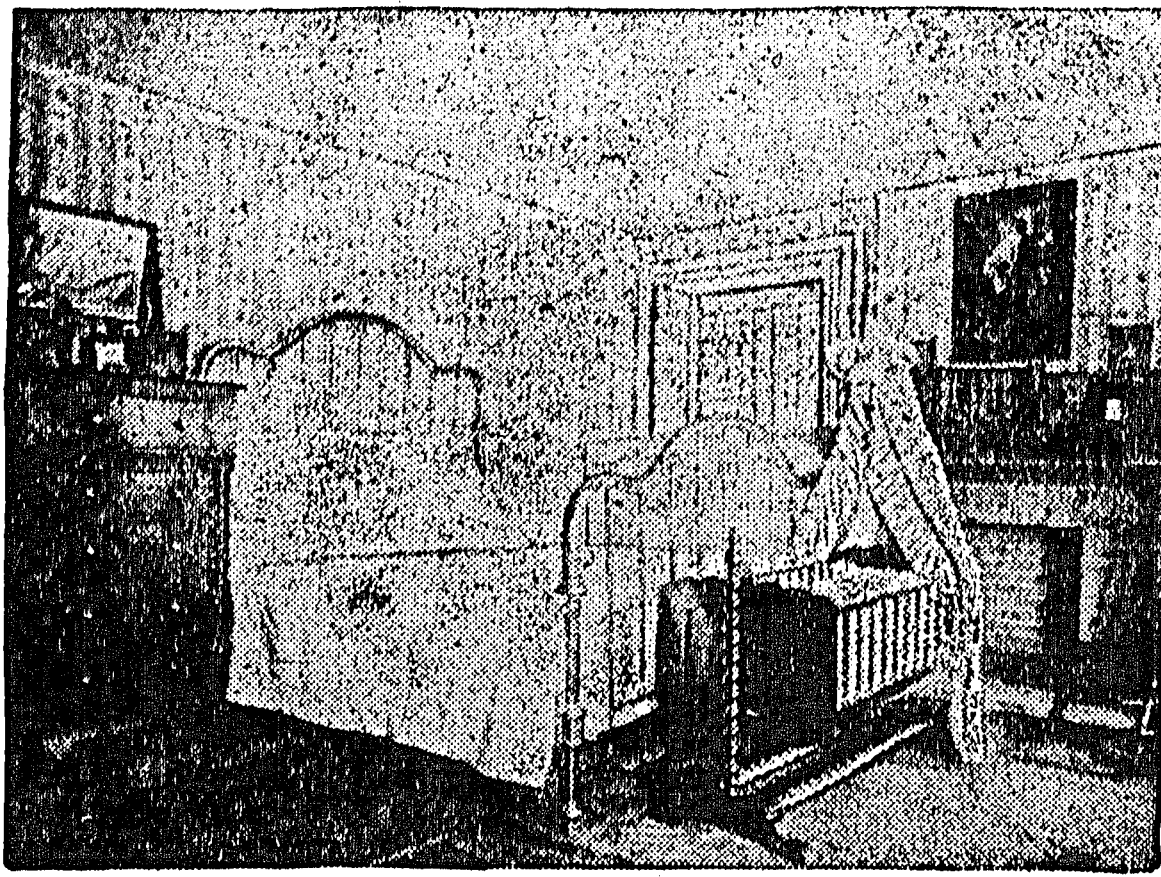
Orange-flower cream, formula for which is frequently published in this department, is an excellent skin food. Cocoa butter is very good for building up the tissues of the skin, but should not be used when there is a tendency to growth of superfluous hair.



Doing an Old House Over: My Lady's Bedroom



Mahogany Dressing Table with Sewing Table to Match



Under the Windows are Built-in Cupboards.

delightfully, homelike touch to the room. The mahogany chintz, beside the bed was originally an old bureau, which was cut almost in half, to make this pretty bit of furniture.

A LADDER-BACKED CHAIR

Under the pretty little leaded glass windows are built-in cupboards and drawers, which are painted white, and, besides looking well in the room, are a great convenience. The other view of the same room shows beautiful mahogany dressing table, with claw feet and glass knobs, a little sewing table to match, and part of a mahogany "high-boy." The chairs shown are also mahogany and of good construction. The floor is covered with a two-toned green carpet rug.

A similar Dresden stripe paper was used for another room, the paper running to the picture rail, which is hung nine inches below the ceiling, and the ceiling paper brought down to meet it. The bureau is mahogany, and the largest one I ever remember seeing. It is a cleverly constructed piece, as it is so well proportioned that the width does not make itself too much felt. A ladder backed chair in the corner is a very old piece, and is delightfully quaint with its rush-bottomed seat. The walls are covered with the natural colored matting with a rose design in soft green and pink here and there.

But take care that all the pink, in your room are of the same tone, and beware of having too many different colors or too many figured things.

THE shrill burr of the locust, the croak of the frog, or the chirp of the cricket are no more typical vocalisms of August than the wall of the irritated housewife's "Shoo, fly, don't bother me." Those pesky insects, trying at any time, seem to maliciously reserve their worst malignity till the sticky dog days to make life generally unbearable. Then how they swarm! Their maddening buzz in our ears and persistent, stealthy stop on our flesh drives sleep afar, while their frantic gyrations around every morsel of food in sight destroys what little appetite the heat has left.

Now, if flies were only annoyances they yet should not be endured in the interest of our dispositions, but they carry in their trail a distinct menace to health that is a legitimate "causative" of disease. Once the careful housewife fought flies for the sake of her reputation and gilt picture frames; now, grown learned in hygiene, she is yet more bellicose to preserve the family health.

The mosquito is an acknowledged disease spreader, but the fly, equally at fault, has attracted less attention. It is not pleasant to ponder the flies these winged pests have wrought, as shown up in recent military investigations.

In the Spanish-American War, where disease, rather than bullets, worked havoc, the fly was found to be dangerous to human life by numerous tests. One, gruesomely convincing, was the sight on a mess table of dozens of flies with whitewashed feet, gained from a lime-sprinkled, typhoid-infected cesspool. It was also found that contagion was much less prevalent in the closely screened officers' quarters than in the tents of the common soldier.

SCREEN THE FIREPLACES

It is futile to dwell overmuch on such unpleasant facts; the main thing is to limit the fly's power for harm whenever possible.

In the halcyon days when government does all it should instead of as little as it may in keeping up the health average, there will be a systematic sale on the breeding places of flies. Their larvae, as well as those of mosquitoes, can be destroyed by petroleum. In the meantime woman must take a hand.

Flies should be prevented from entering our homes and the stores where food supplies are kept. Screen all doors and windows. If you cannot afford wire ones, use netting—the finer the better.

See that they are put in very early in the spring before the first fly puts in an appearance. True, you will probably hear remonstrances from the masculine members of your family—why have most men such a chronic objection to screens?—but be diplomatically deaf.

If you can afford the permanent wire screen that fastens in a groove on the outside of the window, doubtless many of these objections will be overcome. As to man usually falls the unpleasant task of hurriedly shutting, in the face of a coming storm, windows, from which patent folding screens must be jerked, this dislike is not so unaccountable as it first appears.

It is not enough to protect doors and windows, but all open fireplaces should be screened, as well. Even then, somehow, one cannot rest perfectly secure, for the fly has a propensity for overcoming obstacles that would be highly creditable, if not so maddening.

Cherchez la cook should be the usual answer to the plaintive query, "I wonder where those flies come from?" A rule, the difficulty lies in the kitchen; most cooks share their master's aversion to screens, and will show the open door at every opportunity. Work upon their fears of the fly as a disease breeder and it may do more good than strictest injunctions.

An insect once made, nothing remains but war to the death. The methods are many, some disagreeable, laborious and overheating.

Were you ever inflicted in your youth with a fly-hating mother? If so, you have run the whole painful gamut of fly chasing. Who has not felt to be a nightmare that interminable hour after breakfast when, a newspaper in hand, one had to run round and round a dark room, flapping the ceiling like an animated rooster? Little happier was your fate if your part was to stand a sentinel over the chink of light in the room. Who ever stopped new guard at just the right moment? Or who has not lapsed into an occasional happy day dream, only to be rudely aroused by the stern remonstrance, "Daughter, I put you there to keep flies out, not to let them in!"

Well, well, fate is better to the present-day child. Even the fly is not beneath the inventor's notice, and we have all sorts of patent contrivances for its undoing.

If we have Neroes, we have propensities, for instance, we can indulge in one of those cone-shaped wire catchers on a curved wooden base. A little sugar at the bottom has a more potent success than had Mistress Spider in enticing Master Fly into the parlor. Once trapped the hole at the top there is no escape until, the trap well filled, the contents are dumped in the kitchen stove—if you are foolish enough not to use a gas range—or immersed in boiling water.

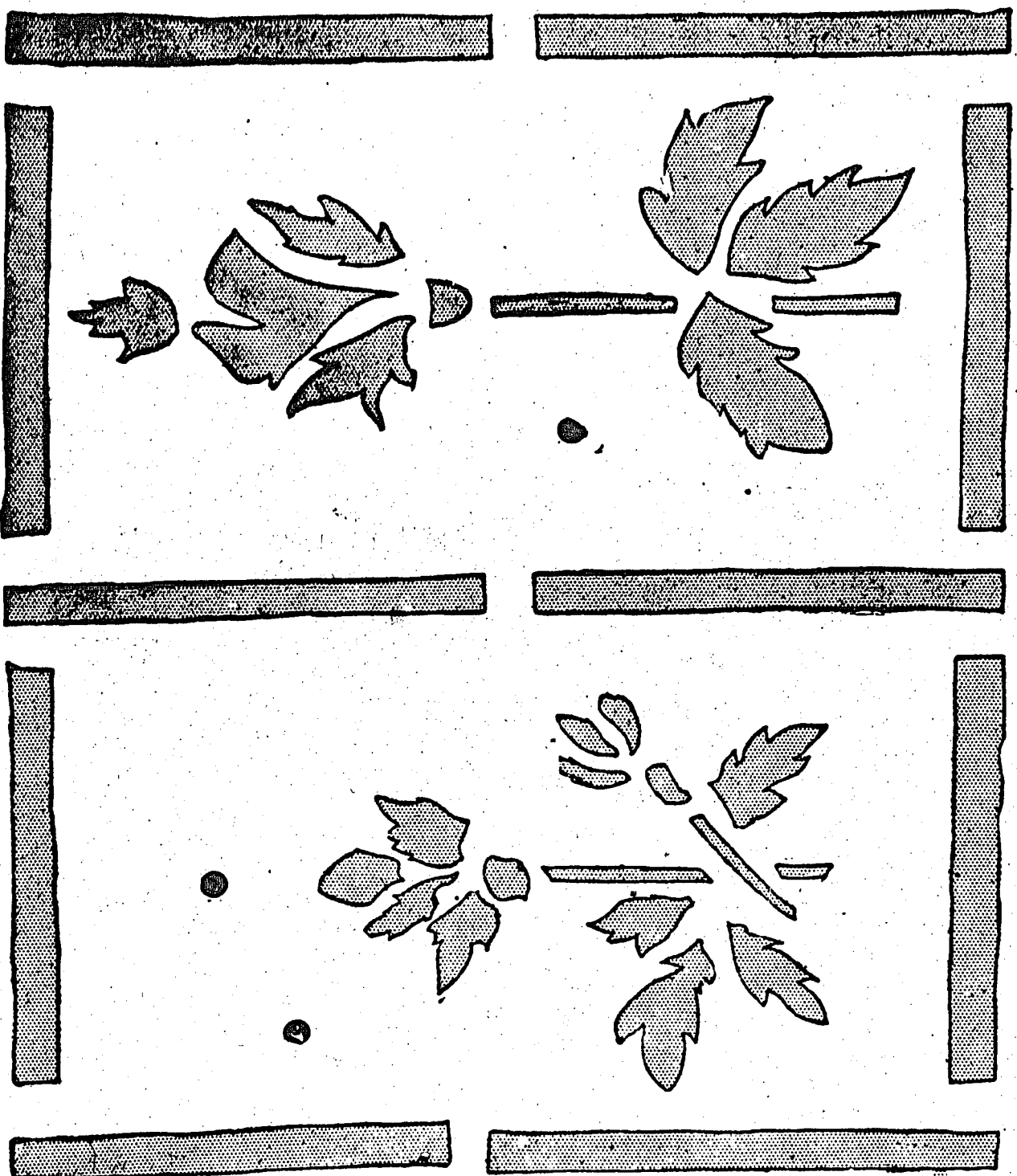
Fly paddles certainly are a more exciting method of destroying woman's natural foe than the older, laborious method of beating them with a towel.

Sticky papers also have their place—this, by way of advice, is not on a chair seat. For the comfort of those who have sat down on one of these fly enticers (if wearing a boucle cloth gown it is a particularly happy moment) it is well to call attention to the guards like a curved wire cage, hat come to prevent such catastrophes.

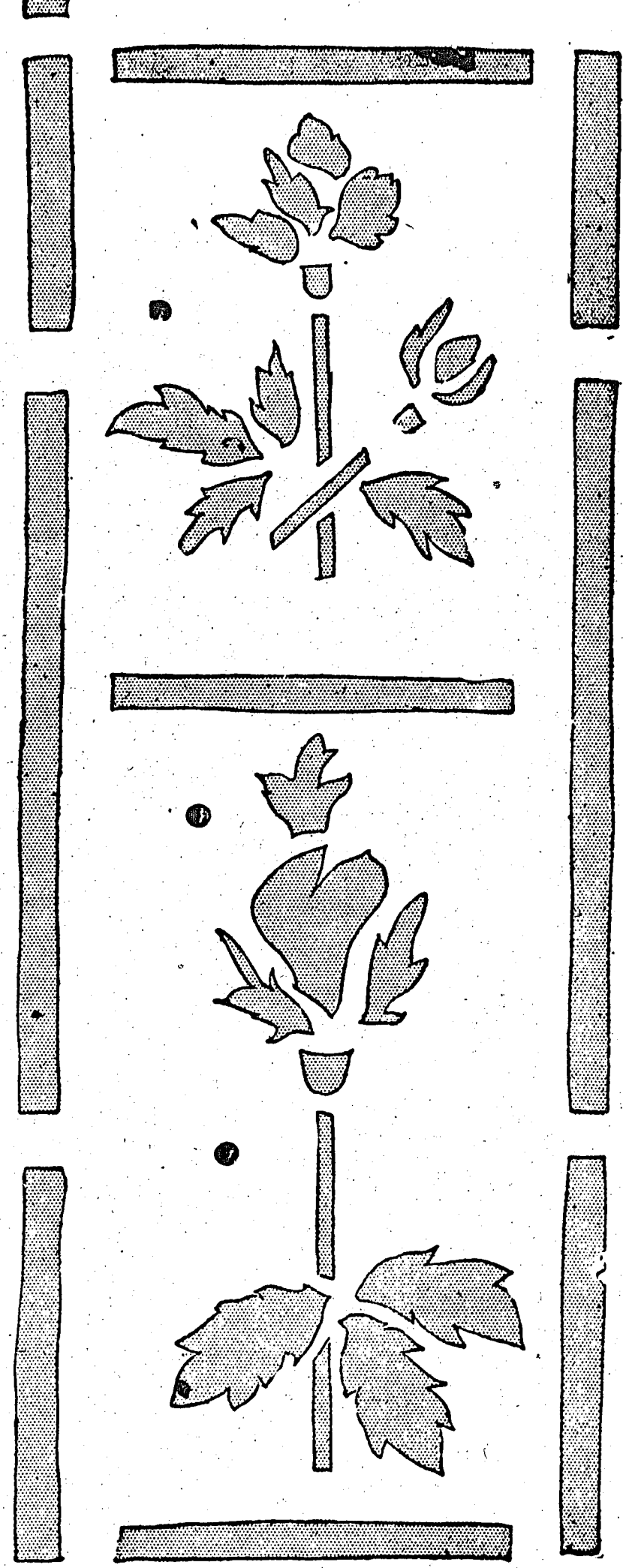
In the use of sticky fly papers select the non-poisonous kinds. Also be particularly about the use of poison liquids strung around in saucers.

Since any of these catches are far from slightly, especially when successful, never allow them to stand around for days at a time. This is particularly objectionable in a dining room.

Do not despair. Flies can be conquered even through a "rainy spell" in August. It will take eternal vigilance, though, to



Stencil Design for Curtains



How the Parts are Combined

By Dorothy Tuke

DAINTINESS should be the foremost characteristic of the bedroom, and although we should strive to have it artistic as well, there is little danger of making glaring mistakes if we really have our room dainty.

The papering of a bedroom is most important. It is very necessary that the pattern is not too prominent. Have you ever laid awake in the early hours of the morning and unconsciously counted bunches of flowers on the wall, or else let your eye follow the pattern, first horizontally, then diagonally across the paper, till your eyes dimmed and your head swam? Or have you ever awakened with a start, thinking you saw a big head glaring at you from a hole in the wall, only to find that it was a large conspicuous design in the wall paper? I sympathize deeply with the invalid who is confined to a room of this sort.

CONSISTENT COLOR SCHEMES

A pretty little flowered paper is always nice for a bedroom, if the colors are soft and the design inconspicuous. In choosing a paper, it is seldom safe to select from seeing just one piece. If possible, see the effect of two or three pieces together, so that you can judge better about the design. Another pretty paper for a bedroom is a little Dresden stripe paper. These are pretty and quaint, and give height to a room.

Consistent color schemes should be carried out in a bedroom, just as much as anywhere else. Suppose, for example, that our room is papered with a white paper with green leaves and little pink rosebuds. We will have the outside curtains of white muslin, stenciled with a design of rosebuds and leaves. The inside curtains will be of either green or pink art ticking, with a pleated valance across the top. The sofa will be covered with green art ticking and have dainty white cushions, with touches of pink in them. If there is a mantel-piece in the room, we will cover this to match the inside curtains, and have a pleated valance about a foot wide around it, which could, if desired, be finished off with an imitation cluny lace edge. The furniture, unless it is of mahogany, should be painted either green or white, and the chairs upholstered in green or pink art ticking. The

floor covering should be a hand-woven rug, made on a white warp, with a dark green frilling and with touches of pink in the border. The floor should be stained dark green. The tablecloth and bureau covers could be made of muslin and stenciled to match the cash curtains. The bedspread could be stenciled in the same way, and would be both original and artistic.

Such a room would have all the essentials of a successful bedroom, being restful, harmonious, dainty and suitable. If a yellow room is preferred, yellow can be substituted in the place of pink.

We will suppose the room is 9 feet high and 12x15 feet wide, with two windows 6 feet long. Here is a rough estimate of the cost:

12 pieces of Dresden striped paper, at 12½ cents a yard.....	\$1.88
6 pieces of ceiling paper, at 12½ cents a yard.....	.75
Sizing and hanging.....	5.25
9 yards muslin for curtains, at 12½ cents a yard.....	1.13
8 yards muslin for tablecloth and bureau scarf.....	.38
15 yards art ticking for curtains, at 20 cents.....	3.00
3 yards art ticking for mantel.....	.60
5 yards art ticking for couch cover.....	1.00
Hand-woven rug, 9x12.....	16.50
Blotting paper, thumb-tacks and dyes for stenciling.....	.50
Total.....	\$30.99

The design shown is for the stenciling. Cut this out of the paper, and trace it onto stenciling paper by means of a carbon sheet, then cut the design out with a sharp penknife. First make a two-inch hem on the muslin curtains, then lay sheets of blotting paper on the table and pin the curtain to them; place the stencil as to leave a space of about two inches from the design to the hem, and pin this down with thumb-tacks, then apply the color, using either oil paints or dyes. After the curtains are done, iron them on the wrong side with a hot iron, as this sets the color.

A very successful bedroom is that shown in the illustration. The wall-paper has green and white stripes, with little pink rosebuds on the white ones. The big brass bed, with its simple lines and dainty bedspread, is most imposing, while the wooden crib at the foot of the bed, which is tastefully draped with white swiss curtains and caught with a bow, gives a touch of girlishness.

Just Received Broadway Tailored Suits for Spring.

Most men are realizing the importance of wearing good clothes.

We have the Suits to Suit.

Stylishly cut, in Seasonable colors and fabrics, and at prices that are sure to please.

Broadway Brand Clothing for Quality, Workmanship and Fit cannot be beaten.

We invite your Inspection of these.

Kelowna Outfitting Store
W. B. M. Calder
PROPRIETOR.

M. J. HENRY'S Nurseries and Seedhouse.

Headquarters for Pacific Coast Grown Garden, Field, and Flower Seeds for Spring Planting.

Large stock of HOME-GROWN Fruit and Ornamental Trees now matured for future sales.

No expense, loss or delay of fumigation or inspection.

BEE SUPPLIES, Spray Pumps, Spraying material, Greenhouse Plants, Cut Flowers.

We do business on our own grounds—no rent to pay and are prepared to meet all competition.

Let me price your list before placing your order.

Catalogue free.

M. J. HENRY,
3910 Westminster Rd., Vancouver, B. C.

LUMBER

Rough or Dressed.

Shingles, Lath, Sash,
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GEO. E. RITCHIE,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

KELOWNA, B. C.

Jobbing promptly attended to.

G. PATTERSON,

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Estimates given on all kinds of stone, brick and cement work.

Cartridge & Stubbs,

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Estimates submitted and plans prepared, on request. All kinds of jobbing work done. WORK SHOP: In Pooley Block, next barber shop.

Kelowna, B. C.

D. W. Crowley & Co

Wholesale and Retail

BUTCHERS

AND

Cattle Dealers

KELOWNA.

St. Patrick's Day Dinner.

The Eve of St. Patrick was loyally celebrated on Saturday evening when a company of Irishmen and guests, 41 in all, sat down to supper in the Lakeview Hotel under the genial presidency of Mr. E. R. Bailey. The meal was served in the appetizing manner for which Mr. Jas. Bowes' hostelry is renowned, and was washed down by ample supplies of both "soft" and "hard" liquors.

The toast list opened with "The King," which was loyally honoured, as also was "The Army and Navy," to which Messrs. G. K. Smith and T. W. Stirling responded.

Mr. D. W. Crowley sang "Come Back to Erin" with much expression.

To the principal toast of "The Emerald Isle" Messrs. Maguire and A. H. Wade replied. The former expressed his pleasure at seeing so many present, and the latter sang a quaint Irish song entitled, "The Seven Churches."

Mr. T. G. Speer sang a rollicking song, "The Irishman's Dream of the Klondyke," playing his own accompaniment, and brought down the house. To an insistent encore, he gave an original song, "Kelowna Land," which contained some very good local hits and was much appreciated.

"Kindred Countries" brought brief replies from Messrs. J. F. Burne and G. C. Rose.

Mr. A. L. Meugens sang "There is a Tavern in the Town" in good voice.

Called on for a song, Mr. H. W. Hardman made a short speech.

"The Land We Live In" was replied to by Messrs. E. M. Carruthers and Dr. Knox.

"Killarney" was rendered with fidelity by Mr. Hillen's gramophone.

"Our Town and Valley" brought eloquent replies from Messrs. D. W. Sutherland and J. Dilworth. The Mayor gave credit to the early pioneers in the fruit industry, who were laughed at when they first set out orchards, but some of them had remained to see fruit-growing become the principal resource of the valley. The district was fortunate in possessing a splendid class of citizens. He was optimistic as to the future of the valley and city. There was an unlimited market in the provinces east of the Rockies, which had room for 30,000,000 people. Kelowna would some day stretch far beyond its present bounds, and an electric line would bring the outlying parts in close communication with the city.

Mr. Dilworth compared the difficult conditions in the valley when he came to it seven years ago with those in early days in Manitoba, when markets were remote and prices low. They had the same experience there with high freight rates in holding the country back, but he ventured to predict low rates would soon come, and the world would be their market. He had great faith in the future of the valley. He closed by expressing his pleasure at being present as a thorough Irishman by blood, but Canadian born, of both of which facts he was very proud.

Mr. E. M. Carruthers sang "Riding Down from Bangor" with vigour.

Messrs. F. A. Taylor and T. G. Speer briefly replied to "The Old Folks at Home." Mr. Speer sang a very humorous song, "A Nigger Sermon," with the odd refrain, "Where the old hen scratches, she expects to find a bug," and had to respond to a

clamorous encore with a parody on "Far, far away."

"The Colleens" found spokesmen in Messrs. H. C. Childers and A. H. Wade, the latter singing "Tooralee."

Mr. Crowley sang "The Little Shamrock" very sweetly and Mr. Garbutt gave "Drinking" in good style.

"Absent Friends" were dutifully toasted, the chairman referring to Messrs. R. Titmarsh, A. McDonald, R. Sullivan and the Rev. Mr. Greene, who was unable to be present, much to the general regret.

Dr. Knox acceptably played most of the accompaniments to the songs.

The proceedings closed with the healths of the cook, Mr. Hillen, and the host, Mr. J. Bowes, "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the King," and on the stroke of midnight the gathering dispersed after a most pleasant and social evening.

A. & T. Association.

A general meeting of the Agricultural and Trades Association was held on Thursday last in Raymer's Hall. President Speer was in the chair, and 18 members were in attendance.

The resignations of Dr. Boyce, Messrs. D. Lloyd-Jones and G. R. Binger from the directorate were accepted, and, on the motion of Messrs. Raymer and W. C. Blackwood, Messrs. Jas. Bowes, A. B. Carle and S. Sproule were elected in their stead.

The secretary read a list of suggested additions to the prize list of live stock classes, and reported that the fancy work department had not yet been fully revised. The report was adopted and the final settlement of the remainder of the prize list was left to the directors.

The business before the meeting was disposed of rapidly in order to enable those present to attend the convention of Okanagan fruit growers called for the same afternoon.

The Kelowna Land & Orchard Co.'s recent sales include four residential lots in Parkdale and a 10-acre lot on the Bench. The Company is about to build a foot bridge across Mill Creek to serve the new lots laid off on the lake.

There was quite an exodus of our young men on Monday when Messrs. Alf. McLellan, Earl Blackwood, V. Lemon and J. Markell went to Summerland, where they have secured employment.

FOR SALE.

Lot 3, Block 2, situated three lots west of bridge, on the south side of creek, and comprising 1.6 acres of valuable residential property. Price, \$200.00, or will be glad to receive offers for an exchange for Calgary property. Address, G. E., Box 601, Calgary, Alta.

FOR SALE.

Three cows, splendid butter makers, due to calve early in April; also one yearling colt from trotting stock. Apply to Dan McLean, Maple Leaf Farm, three miles south-east of Kelowna.

MUSIC LESSONS.

MRS. LEGGE WILLIS, Bronze, Silver and Gold Medalist, London Academy of Music, London, England, is prepared to give lessons in pianoforte playing, commencing after Easter. For terms, etc., kindly apply by letter to Post Office, Kelowna.

The Imported French Coach Stallion D'ARTAGNAN, No. 4156

Will stand for the season at Collett Bros' Livery Stable, Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday afternoons; Tuesday and Thursday, in the country.

Service, \$20 for the season. Groom's fee, \$5, to be paid at time of service.

For further particulars apply to—
33-4t **W. R. BARLEE, Sec.**

The PEOPLE'S STORE

Get into Line!



We are sending away Special orders for Tailor-Made Fit-Rite Suits by every mail. If you have not yet ordered your spring suit, call and see our wide range of patterns. We have styles, and patterns and prices to satisfy every taste and pocket.

Thomas Lawson.

Kelowna Fruit Lands

We have secured the well-known

ELLISON PROPERTY

And have just completed the survey of the first subdivision which we now offer

For Sale in Ten Acre Lots or to suit purchaser.

Central Okanagan Land & Orchard Co. Limited.

If you want the advantage of our extensive selling connection, list your property with us.

BUDDEN SONS, & CO.,

Painters, Glaziers, House Decorators. Carriage Painters.

Boats repaired and painted.

KELOWNA, B. C.

EGGS FOR SALE.

Thoroughbred Plymouth Rock eggs, \$1 per setting of thirteen, from good laying stock.

Apply to H. E. Leigh, Benvoulin, Kelowna P.O.

31-4t

SEED POTATOES.

For sale, 12 tons of Peerless and Early Rose potatoes, price \$25 per ton. Apply,

W. F. Bouvette, Kelowna.

31-4t

FOR SALE

About ten tons of small potatoes in good condition. Price, in root house, \$8 per ton.

Apply R. H. Stubbs, Benvoulin.

31-3t

BLACK MINORCA EGGS

Having lately imported birds of the finest laying strain, we are prepared to book a limited number of orders for sittings. Terms: \$2.50 per sitting of 14, or \$6.50 per 50 eggs.

Sutcliffe & Bond, Rutland Bench, Kelowna.

32-4t

ASTRAY NOTICE.

Now at the premises of the undersigned an entire colt, coming three years old, bay, blotched brand on right thigh back of stifle.

If not claimed in thirty days, will be sold to pay expenses.

29-4t

TO RENT

Two separate lots, one 5 acres, one 3 acres, in city limits, either on shares or per acre. Liberal terms offered. Apply,

A. E. Boyer, Kelowna.

32-1t

TENDERS WANTED.

For breaking up 6 acres on my lot opposite the property of E. M. Carruthers. Apply,

H. S. Rose, Kelowna.

31-1t

FOR SALE.

A No. 2 Smith grubber stump-puller, with 75 feet steel cable, practically new. Price, \$50.

W. D. Hobson, Okanagan Mission.

32-3t

S. T. Elliott

Successor to

ELLIOTT & MORRISON.

Importer and dealer in all kinds of

Agricultural Implements Wagons and Carriages. Also Blacksmithing and Carriage Repairing.

Special attention given to Horse Shoeing, there is nothing we cannot do in our line. We appreciate your patronage in the past and hope to continue it.



S. T. ELLIOTT

The Up-To-Date Blacksmith of

KELOWNA, - - B. C.

LOST!

Last fall a black heifer, two year old, unbranded, white star on forehead, black horns, small white mark on near ribs and feet.

\$5 reward for return to—

H. E. Leigh, Benvoulin, Kelowna P.O.

31-4t

FOR SALE

A gentle mare, suitable for work on road or farm. Apply,

O. A. Pease, Kelowna.

30-1t

Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Hon. The Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described lands: commencing at a post marked R. A. Copeland's north-east corner situated on the north bank of Mill creek at its head a short distance below the dam site, thence 80 chains south, thence 40 chains west, thence 80 chains north, thence 40 chains east to point of commencement, containing three hundred and twenty acres.

R. A. Copeland, W. H. Gaddes, Agent.

Kelowna, B. C., Jan. 25, 1907.

26-6od